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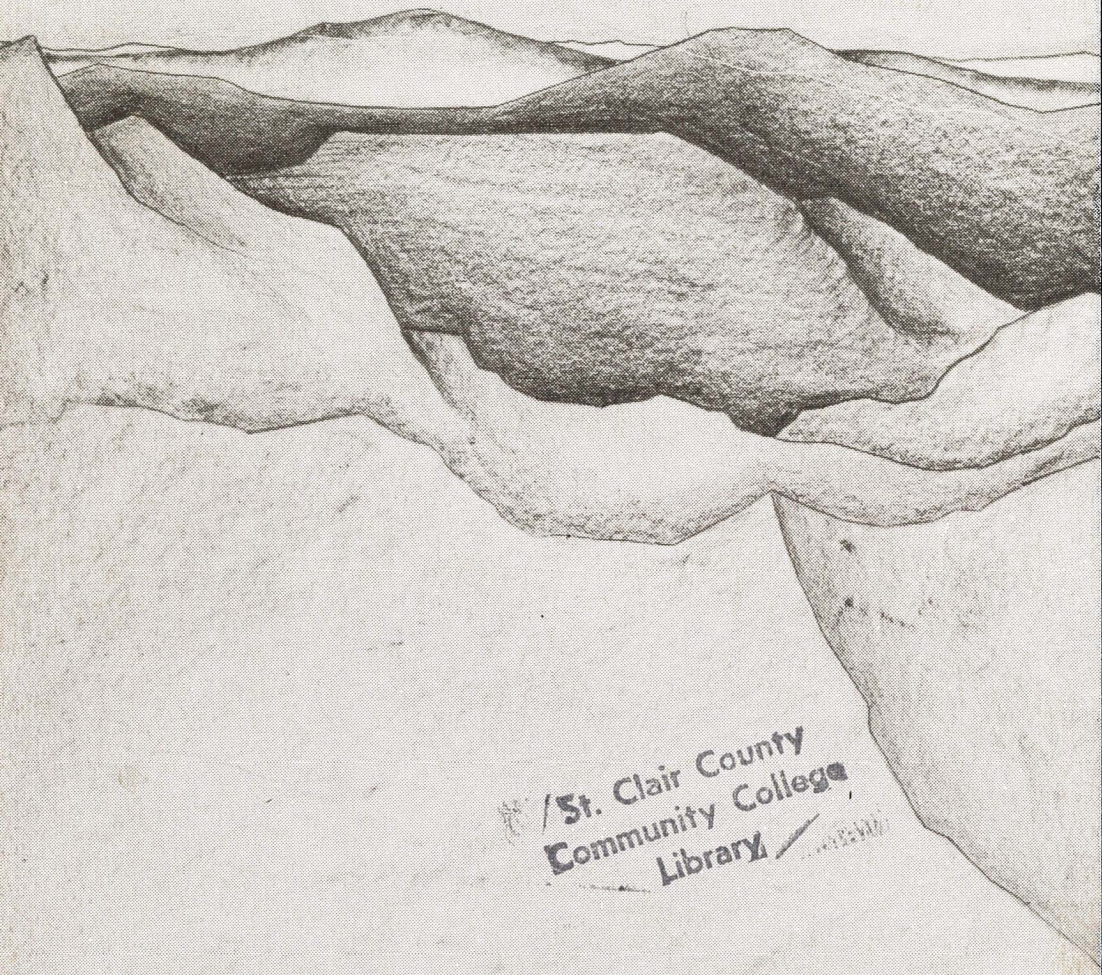
PATTERNS 1979

St. Clair County Community College



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PATTERNS '79

St. Clair County Community College Library

A Publication of
St. Clair County Community College
Port Huron, Michigan

Preface

Creativity in art and literature helps us to share the experiences of living. This is as true for the student artist and writer as for the professional. For 21 years this annual publication has presented the changing patterns of creative student expression.

PATTERNS 1979 especially honors Stephen W. Strobbe whose writing has consistently won him recognition and publication in previous issues. In 1977, five of Steve's poems were printed and he received both the first prize for poetry and first honorable mention. In 1978, he again was awarded first prize for poetry and he also took the prize for a critical essay. Four additional poems were also selected for that issue.

This year the committee decided to deviate from the usual format of awards and to honor Steve as one of the most talented young writers we have known. One of his entries is an eloquent tribute to another poet, a teacher and a friend, Mrs. Eleanor Mathews, who has worked with Steve in classes on creative writing and poetry. This past year he was the recipient of the first E.B. Mathews scholarship. In addition to his studies at SCCCC, Steve was honored with a 1977 scholarship to study creative writing at the Cranbrook Writers' Workshop.

By this special recognition of one student, we honor and encourage all students to develop their own individual skills of artistic expression, so that future issues of PATTERNS will truly continue to reflect patterns of living through patterns of creating.

COMMITTEE

Writing

Dick Colwell Susanna Defever Don Haines
Gail Johnson Fred Reed

Art

Patrick Bourke John Henry
Dale Northup Earl Robinette

Untitled

Jeff O'connor

DEDICATION

PATTERNS is dedicated to Jack Hennesey. His ever-present good nature and his devotion to his students, his friends, and our college were undaunted no matter what his own circumstance. Such men as Jack make contributions to the human spirit that are the epitome through which all true education is made. One of his students expresses best the loss we all feel and the legacy we all have from this teacher, artist, and friend.

Requiem

by Robin White

A friend is a reflection,
A mirror of our earthly aspirations.

When the silvery image is broken,
And we are left,
Missing and confused,

Despair invades us,
Sinking, sodden, stifling.

Rage creeps in,
A roaring bonfire,
Consuming the mind.
Why, God?

Spent, we lift our heads,
Not quite ready,
To carry on.

Yet, were he here,
So would he urge us,
And we must do no less.

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ART

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Second Place	Pen and Ink	Untitled	Jeff O'Connor
Third Place	Pencil	Untitled	Mary Kay Schwanitz

Honorable Mention:

Woodcut	Quakers	Anne Kennedy
Pen and Ink	Lady With a Corset	Anne Kennedy
Pen and Ink	Untitled	Jeff O'Connor

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Pencil	Untitled	Gayle Hollenbeck
Photography	Artist and Son, Venice	Stephen W. Strobbe
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Ink and Wash	Untitled	Jeff O'Connor
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Watercolor	Falling What?	Marianna L. Gronek
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Pen and Ink	Untitled	Gayle Hollenbeck
Conte Crayon and Chalk	Skulls and Old Bottles	Marianna Gronek
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Ink Wash	Untitled	Larry Dodge
Charcoal Pencil	Untitled	Michael Pitzer
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Pastels	Untitled	Michael Pitzer
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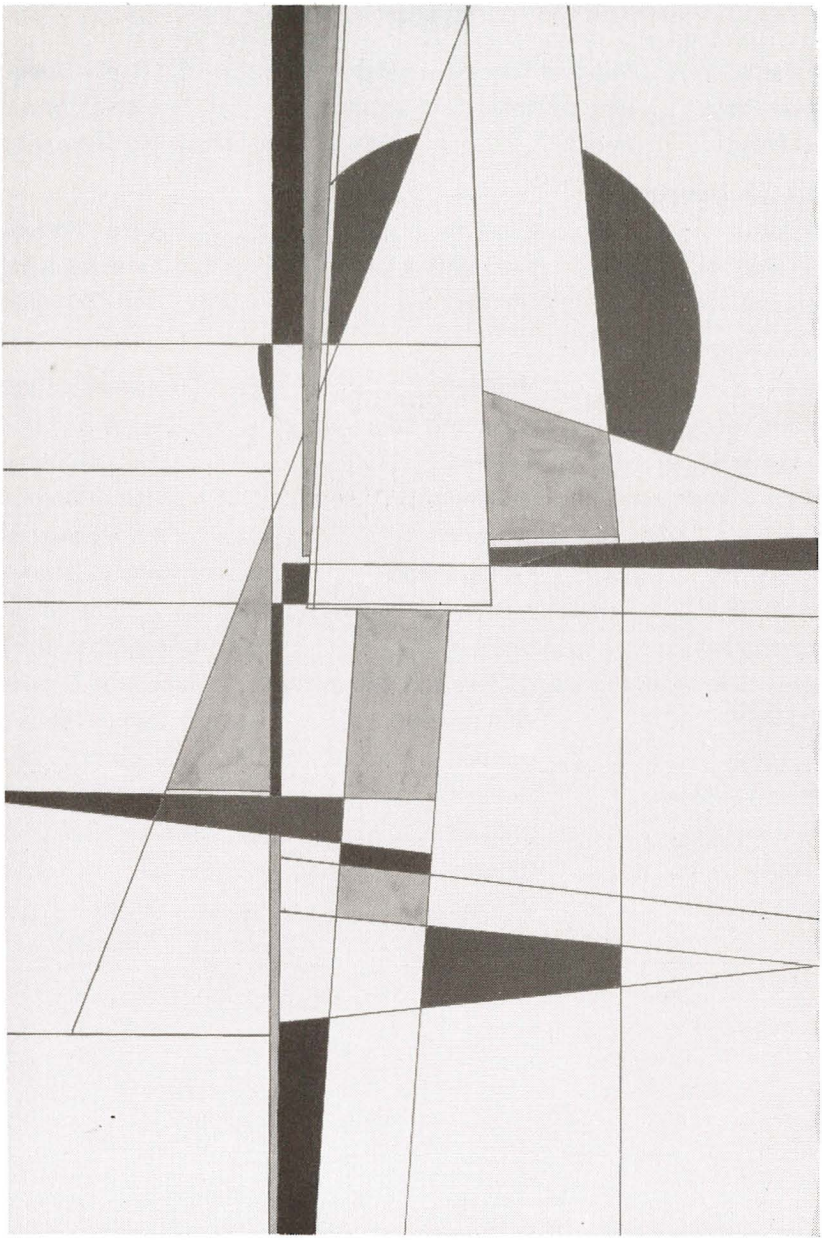


Untitled

Al Young

Emotions Control The Artist

By
Irene Murphy

In France, during the middle 1800's, an artistic revolution was brewing. It would eventually shatter the established classical concepts of painting and forever change the art world. Called by critics the Impressionist Movement, it represented a striving for ultimate artistic freedom. The goals of the revolution were to establish: the freedom to control the choice of colors used by the artist, in order to make a statement or relay a response to the viewer; the freedom to capture light and atmosphere on the canvas; the freedom to allow the artist's brushstrokes to project the intensity of his feelings; and the freedom to capture the artist's emotions and relate them to the viewer. Although the list of painters belonging to this movement is rather long, the works of two men, in particular, exemplify the use of these new-found freedoms. By examining the lives and psychological make-ups of Paul Cezanne and Pierre Auguste Renoir, it is immediately evident that art reflects the feelings and emotions of the artist.

Cezanne and Renoir were both born in France. Together they took part in the Impressionist Movement. Here, each found the tools necessary to create. Each, in his own way, used color as a unique form of expression. The brushstrokes of both men, although entirely different, show the viewer the artist's innermost philosophy of life. Both used the Impressionist school of painting to reflect their own expressions of artistic freedom. They shared the ideals of the movement and found the motivation that was necessary to nurture their individual talents. That is where the similarities seem to end.

Cezanne's turbulent nature was often considered rude and bizarre by his peers. Being abnormally shy, he withdrew from social circles and became almost a recluse. Cezanne's hypersensitivity to criticism stemmed from being painfully shy and unsure of himself. Despite those insecurities, he was a man boldly tenacious to his ideas and goals. Cezanne exemplified his independence and the dedication of his solitary life when he declared, "I want to make of Impressionism something as solid as the paintings in a museum."

On the other hand, Renoir's gregarious nature quickly endeared him to others. He was an actively involved member of the Parisian cafe society. He loved dancing and music and reveled in the joy of human presence. His charming personality and appearance allowed him to form close and lasting relationships with his teachers and fellow artists. His self-confidence, his spontaneity, and his absolute naturalness ruled both his personal relationships and his works. Renoir summed up his artistic philosophy when he stated, "If it weren't a pleasure, believe me, I wouldn't paint."

The emotions that colored Cezanne's life were reflected on his canvases. The haunting blues and cold greens, that dominated his works, mirrored the loneliness and frustration that dominated his life. Cezanne's use of tightly woven brushstrokes reflects his introverted nature. He developed a method of constructing shapes and distances by means of using color and not lines. His determination to succeed and his own concept of creative superiority allowed his palette and his brushstrokes to convey a sense of power.

Renoir's painting methods are very different from Cezanne's, but they also reflect emotions. Predominant in his paintings is the use of red or warm colors. He is considered a master of the "rainbow palette". His use of irridescent rosy pinks, cerulean blues, and tones of pearl represent the philosophy of pure joy that ruled his life. His was a "happy art", without bitterness or jealousy. He painted life as he saw it in all its color, brightness, and beauty. His brushstrokes were soft and reflected his instinctive love of painting. Renoir's brushstrokes and palette show gentleness and deep regard for humanity.

The contrast between Cezanne and Renoir is most obvious in their choice of subject matter. Cezanne concentrated his paintings on the impersonal level of objects. Still-life and landscapes are characteristic of his works. When people were used on his canvases, they quickly lost all human qualities and became architectonic forms, as mush as the trees that surrounded them. He reasoned that all nature relates to geometry and stated, "Everything in nature is shaped after the cylinder, the sphere and the cone."

Renoir, unlike Cezanne, was primarily a figurative painter. Landscapes became only a background or an enchanting atmosphere for his figures. His need for human presence is evident even in his still-life paintings. In his works, a flower or an apple seemed to palpitate with life. Visible in all his paintings is his love of mankind and his total freedom of spirit. "For me," he stated, "a picture must be a pleasant thing, joyous and pretty—yes pretty! There are too many unpleasant things in life for us to fabricate still more."

Upon examining the lives and works of these two men, it becomes very clear that the dominant emotions projected by the artist control their creative genius. While Cezanne tended to impersonalize his work and sought only the organic harmony of nature, Renoir concentrated his efforts to bring everything in accord with his vision of man. He needed human presence to express himself. Cezanne showed the world the colors of his disappointed and embittered life; whereas, Renoir showed the viewer only the pastel values of his rewarding existence. Cezanne, a man whose heart was torn with a titanic emotional struggle, used that turmoil to weave a new tradition of painting. His works are a lesson in energy and stand, for all time, as a beacon to his determination to create. Yet, Renoir, at peace with himself and the world around him, expressed that his own sensibility as a painter was in harmony with his feelings as a man. An artist, by reflecting his emotions and his responses to the world he must live in, develops that part of himself where true creativity lies.

Sidetracks

By
Gary Butler

Running beside
ON forty-two
She rides
ON forty-six
I'd love to see
Her eyes of blue
But parallels
Never mix.

Renewal

By
Marilyn Newton

It begins
The rains come
not to wash away the land
not to overflow the banks
not to drown or destroy
Though, if seen in that light,
they will
Those who wish to curse the rain
will see what they want to see
and block from their minds
all else
The rains have come
to let the world drink its fill
to cool the world's anger
to refresh the world
to let the people lift their
faces to the sky
and feel
the delicate droplets
lightly fall

Untitled

Jeff O'Connor

THE APPARITION:
A Trilogy Of Interpretations

By

Stephen W. Strobbe

> "In the beginner's mind there are many possibilities,
> but in the expert's there are few."
>
> —Shunryu Suzuki

"You don't really criticize any author to whom you have never surrendered yourself." Despite this insightful admonition from T. S. Eliot, critics are often guilty of attempting to conquer a piece, subdue it, force it to mean. Another frequently committed fault is to adhere too zealously to already established conventions of criticism. Such has been the unfortunate and needlessly insular treatment of John Donne's poem, "The Apparition."

Traditionally, "The Apparition," written in 1633, has been approached as if the word 'metaphysical' were stamped across the page. In the fervour to define that quicksilver term, the poem's treatment has been limited to its base similarities to other so-called 'metaphysical' works. Shrouded in obscurity, it has consistently been considered a complex conceit, conversational in tone, which dramatizes the classic theme of a lover appealing to his unyielding mistress, and that is all. This is not to say that view is wrong, only that it is childishly simplistic, evasive, and insufferably insufficient.

The label 'metaphysical poetry,' which Eliot notes "has long done duty as a term of abuse,", has become an inhibiting appendage to the body of Donne's works, fixing it at a single station. This leads more toward consensus than encounter. Rather than broadening the spectrum of interpretation, such myopic criticism tends, instead, to focus only on those characteristics which mark "The Apparition" as 'metaphysical.' Much meaning and mastery is lost in this sieve of definition. The intent, here, is to throw the hard stuff back into the siftings, to restore the composition to its original state and examine it anew.

> "You have to give yourself up, and then recover yourself, and the third moment is having something to say, before you have wholly forgotten both surrender and recovery." (T.S. Eliot)

In the spirit of surrender and recovery, as my "something to say," I offer these three interpretations of John Donne's "The Apparition," as diverse in meaning, tone, and imagery as his words and my imagination would carry me. "The Apparition" is not a brittle piece, yet has been politely handled as if it were of cracked glass. Such gingerly treatment is unnecessary. It diminishes encounter, understanding, and appreciation. It is misrepresentational, robbing the poem of its richly intricate and coarse character. Donne's vision is frighteningly versatile. Through his consistently conscientious use of exacting yet elastic words, "The Apparition" is able to withstand intense scrutiny.

There is no need of alchemy; I have no desire to alter Donne's composition through impurities of my own pen, nor to add anything to that which is already present and extractable. The aim of this study is merely to retrieve some to the poem's meaning and demonstrate its resilience, in the faith that understanding yields appreciation. These interpretations are by no means absolute, nor were they meant to be, for the last thing any student of poetry should want is the last word.

The Apparition

When by thy scorn, O murderess, I am dead,
And that thou thinkst thee free
From all solicitation from me,
Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,
And thee, feigned vestal, in worse arms shall see;
Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,
And he whose thou art then, being tired before,
Will, if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think
    Thou call'st for more,
And in false sleep will from thee shrink,
And then, poor aspen wretch, neglected thou
Bathed in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lie
    A verier ghost than I;
What I will say, I will not tell thee now,
Lest that preserve thee; and since my love is spent,
I had rather thou shouldst painfully repent,
Than by my threatenings rest still innocent.

John Donne

Apparition I

"The Apparition" is a harsh piece. One need only consider the poem's pivotal words to realize no comfort is to be found within them: scorn, murderess, dead, solicitation, ghost, feigned vestal, worse arms, sick taper, etc. This severe tone is further emphasized by John Donne's ponderous use of sound. Line two, "And that thou thinkst thee free," has disarming impact. The repetitive 'th' sound, when driven by such heavy-handed rhythm comes off as threatening, vengeful, odious.

Certain characteristics are common to all three interpretations. Some degree of helplessness and frustration is present in each. The persona decides he can do most by doing nothing.

Apparition I is that of a lover rejected by his mistress. Though they may or may not have been sexual partners, by the caustic intimacy of Donne's language it will be assumed here that they have. The persona's anger, though evident, is impotent. His only source of satisfaction, as he visualizes his lover in bed with another, lies in the hope that she will find her new man inadequate.

APPARITION I

Woman, you murder me
turning me away, mocked, broken.
No, lover, this isn't all,
for if ever you should make
that fatal error, thinking yourself
free from me, then I will come back to you,
a ghost, unseen, but seeing you,
fake virgin, lying against another,
an even lesser man than me.

Then darkness will overcome your
night-spent candle,
and your love go out,
and he, whose hot wax stick
glowed so warm before,
will melt and shrink
as he lies awake,
unable to do it again.
Then, may you break out
in a sweat hotter than mine,
unsatisfied.

But no,
you'll never hear it
from me, I'm through.
I'd rather watch you
writhe with desire
than let you know
you are wanted.

Apparition II

"I gave you the diamonds, you give me disease."

From the album cover,
Rolling Stones:
"Exile on Main Street"

Here ends and finishes
The testament of poor Villon
Come to his burial
When you hear the bell ringing
Dressed in red vermilion
For he died a martyr to love
This he swore on his testicle
As he made his way out of this world.

From "The Testament,"
Francois Villon, 1461.

In Apparition II the persona has contracted venereal disease presumably from his lover. Implications of unfaithfulness lend a note of whorishness to his already enraged accusations, reducing their relationship to one of transaction, sexual solicitation. This, coupled with his agonizing knowledge of certain, painful death, creates a maddening scenario.

Beyond treatment himself (quicksilver, or mercury, was a stock prescription for venereal disease), he secures his revenge by not warning the others of their disease, lest they seek a cure. His feverish, macabre vision is of the two infected lovers decaying in each other's arms.

APPARITION II

You whore—thanks to you
I'm good as dead.
But if you think you're through
dealing with me,
think again. I'll be back,
at least in spirit,
to visit your infected bed,
if only to see you
in arms weaker than mine.

Then, whoever gave you this
to give to me (though, granted,
he may have done it inadvertently),
let him have it back
a double dose
so that his love-tool rot
and drop off,
as it's already next to useless, anyway.

They say that sweat-drenched fever
shakes the life
right out of you, and that there's no
being saved, so listen—
no, wait. I guess
my tongue does best
by keeping this ill secret.
I'm dying, damnit,
and there's nothing
I can do. You'd better break
all your other engagements, lady.
You and your friend might as well come too.

the wages of dying is love.

Galway Kinnell
The Book of Nightmares

Apparition III is one of love. The persona, an old man, is dying. His thoughts are directed toward his wife, whom he loves deeply, and their lives together. Understandably, his emotions are complex and strong. Inwardly, in a morbid, playful fashion, he chides her inability to save him with love. It is not so much death he fears, as any state without her, and so he resolves to come back in an after-life and wait for her to re-join him. He envisions how much he will be missed and is not adverse to it, wants to be missed, desperately, and accepts it as an affirmation of her love. As in Apparitions I and II, he chooses to say nothing to her, about their eventual reunion, lest she hold back any love now.

APPARITION III

Woman, is it true
that after all these years
you can't even love me enough
now to save me? Well,
you're not as easily
rid of me as that, you know.

I will find my way back to you,
mere shadow
of my former self, forced to hover
at the foot of what was
once our bed,
compelled to watch you,
my life-partner, my wife,
wrapped, not in mine,
but in the arms of darkness.

Isn't that the way it is?
Life's desire dies
and death is nowhere
to be found (didn't even
have the decency
to take us together).
And then, my poor, confused beauty,
you'll know what life is like
without me.

I'll save what I have to say
until you find me
on the other side
of that two-way mirror,
and until then,
rather than comfort you
with my visions of our love
emerging eternal,

I'd rather you lavish me now
with all your gatherable, mortal love
in these, our last few
human minutes.

Untitled

Larry Dodge

Untitled

Gayle Hollenbeck

Untitled

By

Jeanne Marie Bowman

No one ever looked
Beyond the faded, old lace curtain.
And if they ever did,
They still could not be certain—
If that window framed a face,
Which pleaded for a friend.
And if they ever looked,
They'd not turn back again.

Insight Reaped From **The Summer Before The Dark**

By

Nancy Gates

In her novel, **The Summer Before The Dark,** Doris Lessing defines and puts into words a woman's examination of herself and of her past. In my opinion, she wrote the novel on the hopes of reaching and comforting today's bewildered maturing women and letting them know they are not alone in their anger and anxiety. She points out many aspects of a woman's life and presents some of them as an incredible "joke."

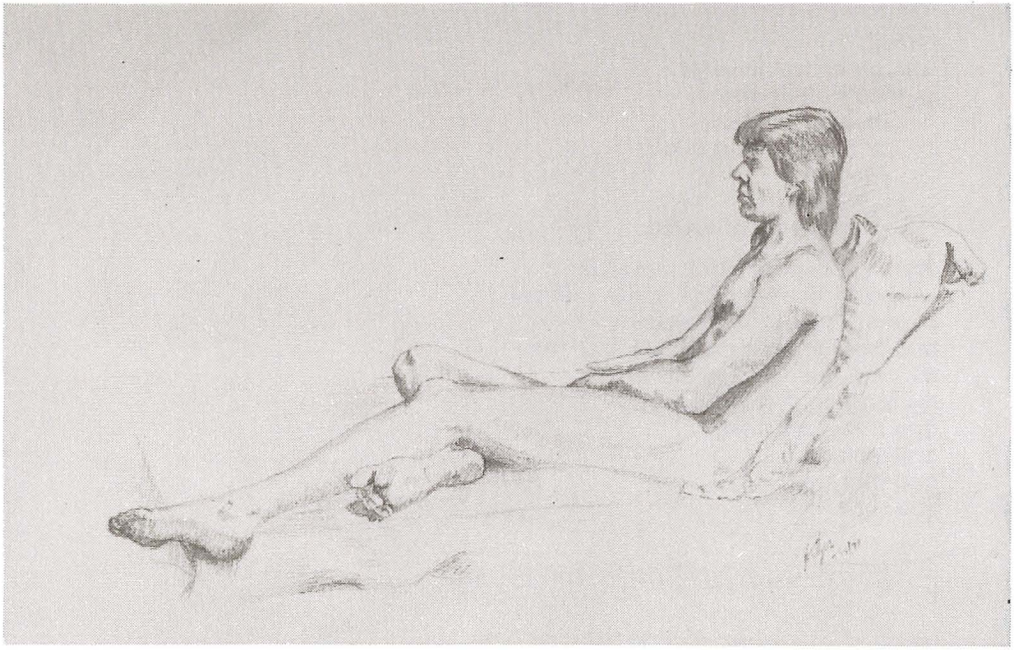
Any woman can relate with the heroine's story. Lessing expresses that women are almost invisible before about age twelve and after age forty-five to men; they are taught (by their mothers?) to wear masks that conceal their real selves. Many women are depressed and do not know the reason, when actually they are not depressed, but angry. Lessing pinpoints that anger and gives reason for it.

When a woman "wakes up" after twenty years of raising a family, and examines herself, she many times finds that she has lost her real self and that she is a totally different person. This can be a frightening experience. "At one end of some long, totally involving experience steps a young, confident, courageous girl; at the other, a middle aged woman — herself," says Lessing. The long and totally involving experience Lessing speaks of is motherhood, a journey many of us have a drive to embark upon and then find an exasperating and futile experience, losing ourselves in the meanwhile. Lessing writes some impressive statements on this subject: "With three small children, and then four, she had to fight for qualities that had not been even in her vocabulary. Patience, Self-discipline, Self-control, Self-abnegation. Chastity. Adaptability to others—this above all. This always". . ."And as for being a sponge for small wants year after year". . ."Looking back from the condition of being an almost middle-aged wife and mother to her condition as a girl when she lived with just her husband, it seemed to her that she had acquired not virtues but a form of dementia". . ."She was like an old nurse who had given her years to the family and must now be put up with. The virtues had turned to vices, to the nagging and bullying of other people. An unafraid young creature had been turned, through the long, grinding process of always, always being at other people's beck and call, always having to give out attention to detail, minuscule wants, demands, needs, events, crises, into an obsessed maniac. Obsessed by what was totally unimportant." . . . "That was how people changed; they didn't change themselves: you got changed by being made to live through something and then you found yourself changed." . . . "she had feared she was really crazy, she spent so much of her time angry."

Lessing bravely leads us on further and points out the outrageous double-standard society has put upon women. Women are first judged by their appearance (or "sexual attractiveness"). She illustrates this in her novel by a pre-teen and a middle-aged woman easily losing out on the attentions of a young man to a young, "attractive," woman. Lessing states, "Men's attention is stimulated by signals no more complicated than what leads the gosling; and for all her adult life, her sexual life, let's say from twelve onwards, she has been conforming, twitching like a puppet to those strings. . ."

As Doris Lessing ingeniously presents an unfair, almost unchangeable problem of today's women, she gives us no solution. She does this extremely well with a conversation between the heroine (the forty-five year old) and a girl of twenty who is rebellious and refuses to live a life like the older woman's. The heroine wisely says to the girl, "Where I think you may be wrong is that you seem to be thinking that if you decide not to become one thing, the other thing you become has to be better." (the girl calls her mad. .) "Yes, I know it. And so you won't be. The best of luck to you. And what are you going to be instead?"

I, as the reader, reaped much knowledge from **The Summer Before The Dark.** The book gave me insight into my own feelings of anger and anxieties. Many women face feelings like this, not just me, alone. I learned that a lot of my anger is justified and not a sign that I am selfish or half mad (and thus provoking guilt feelings?) Yes, maybe that's what I reaped, or rather rid myself of-guilt. Thank-you, Doris Lessing.



Untitled

Michael Pitzer

RESONANCE

To E. B. Mathews

By
Stephen W. Strobbe

To make use of that hollow space,
a graced marimba player
strikes the wooden keys, muses
over beauty's resonance.
Sound swells, then dissipates
from wells beneath.

In rain-drenched
highlands, a pipe-playing native
fills his lungs, force-feeds
the bloating leather bladder
tucked under his arm, squeezes it
until it screams, holds fast
to that skin-wrapped hollow space.
Breathes, at last,
not into nothingness

Piper's high pitch
does not last, collapses
like a third lung, suffocated,
muffled in the thick plaid
of ghost moans woven through winds,
faint wailings drawn thinner
until no thread of sound exists
and silence passively invites another song.

Poets,
with an entire universe
as their hollow space,
    dream of birds,
    or of becoming birds,
    winged
    wordless
    instruments of sound.

They make poor birds, however,
wingless, word-cursed, sadly comical
in their attempts to emulate
that freer creature, and yet they try,
try until their bird-hearts burst,
try to bring the whole world
into a tea-cup nest,
grass blade
and thin twig
at a time.

Falling What ?

Marianna L. Gronek

Me and You - Know - Who

by
Janet Montney

As the youngest child in my family, I had no experience with infants, and when my own son was born almost three years ago, I was not prepared to care for him. The responsibility of caring for such a helpless human was as mind-boggling for me as it would be for an eighteenth century man to awake after a two-hundred year sleep. Most of all, I was not prepared for the resentment and the hatred I would feel for my son as a single parent.

When Joey was born, I did not have the feelings of joy I thought every new mother experienced. The red squawking bundle of flesh only meant the pain of birth was over. Bringing him home, I realized I was terrified of what lay ahead — being in charge completely of another human being. If anything went wrong, there would be no one to blame but myself. As the weeks passed, I grew accustomed to bathing and feeding Joey, but I also began to feel sorry for myself. The piles of dirty diapers, dirty bottles and dirty clothes seldom grew smaller. As each day passed, I became more dissatisfied with the home I lived in, the housework to do and the man I was married to. Lying to myself, I began to believe I would be happier on my own, so with Joey eight months old, we left his father and moved in with my parents. There were more distractions and places to go in Detroit and I began ignoring Joey and looking at him more as a pest than as a son. But every time I looked up, there were toys to put away, things out of the cupboard to put back and the same dirty diapers, dirty bottles and dirty clothes. After the novelty of us being there wore off, my father began yelling if Joey was too noisy and both my mother and I gave him anything to keep him quiet. This made him very spoiled and I thought of more and more excuses to get out and leave Joey home. We finally moved out — I had gotten tired of Detroit, listening to employers say they couldn't use me and listening to my father berate me as he did years before.

Moving back to Port Huron, I still could not find a well-paying job and went on welfare. There was nothing else to do, so we stayed home twenty-four hours a day. The despair and resentment I felt in Detroit multiplied four-fold as we spent each day in constant company. I had a foldable safety gate for children I used everyday, (not for Joey's safety, to keep him in his bedroom away from me). I was disgusted with the attention he demanded of me and the gate only came down for meals or changing clothes. Eventually it became clear to Joey exactly how I felt about him. At a year and a half, he was telling me how he felt, but I did not realize it or care. He never tried to show me the toy he was playing with or try to talk to me, since he knew I wasn't interested anyway. I was too wrapped up in feeling sorry for myself being 'trapped' by him to realize what he had picked up from my attitude. It was at this time a friend of mine moved in with us. Joey accepted her immediately — not because Cindy gets along so well with children — he needed the love and attention any child needs and he found a source for it. As she got more settled in, I became literally blinded with jealousy and my hate for Joey grew, Cindy was shown the toys, Cindy kissed the hurts away and Cindy's lap was preferred. But Damn It! I was his mother!

All my feelings toward Joey and my discontentment with myself were beginning to surface and by the prodding of another friend, I began to see a counselor. Throughout counselling, Joey himself was seldom mentioned and I dealt mainly with my own personal problems. The low view I held for myself, the love I really did hold for my son, my lack of goals and misguided energies and potential were all discussed. The worthlessness my father had instilled in me years ago began to fade away. I found buried deep inside long forgotten goals that could still be achieved with a child. I found a job and though it was 'slinging hamburgers', I began to feel maybe there were things I could do — and do well.

With a new confidence and self-concept, I was able to open my eyes and home life. As I began to accept myself as a person, I started to accept my son as an individual and not a pest. The folding gate disappeared and we both began to look forward to our times at home. Though it was housework we did together, I was shown how much he needed acceptance also. I realized how foolish I had been not just for my jealousy toward Cindy, but for my thinking it was Joey's fault for the problems I had. Slowly, perhaps cautiously, Joey began sharing his toys and jabbering at me. This time I was listening.

Friends have commented it would have been much easier to have given Joey up to child welfare authorities. This leaves a paradox - if three years ago had I known what my present situation would be, I never would have had him. Now I have him, there is no possibility I could give him up. My thinking and feelings have completely reversed so raising him is not a chore but very much a way of life for me now. I have goals and a better way of life to achieve for us. It was self-pity and self-hate which caused the difficulties, not Joey's actions. Because I understand myself better, I am able to understand and love Joey, the way a child should be loved. I am also strong enough now to deal with any problems or setbacks that come along more clearly and more confidently without becoming terrified of what the result may be.

Whitewaters

Debbie Bassette

The Grave

By

June H. Bennett

Inevitably, the barrow
Of yesterday's conscience
Haunts each tomorrow-
With the consequence.

Fantasy Of Love

By

Judy Williams

In the novel **Lolita** by Vladimir Nabokov, the wild fantasies of frustrated adult love blends with the innocence of childhood. As Nabokov describes the relationship between a young girl of twelve and her elder lover, a world in which nothing has a fixed place becomes revealed. The reader's first reaction of disgust changes to a gentle feeling as the story unfolds.

Where does fantasy begin? For a young boy of thirteen, it began when the girl he loved was kept from him by seen and unseen forces. In a desperate search to realize his dream, Humbert seeks to consummate this interrupted affair. Because of this "lock in time," he can find only marginally fulfilling relationships with females of his own age. What despair he feels when a girl-child crosses his path and the hot blood surges in his veins. Even his first wife, Valeria, attracted him because of "the imitation she gave of a little girl."

All of Humbert's passions are set loose when he meets Lolita. Here is a nymphet that combines a "tender dreamy childishness and a kind of eerie vulgarity . . ." She is very much a child and yet seems to know the power she holds. One Saturday she came into his room and "slowly sank to a half-sitting position upon my knee." What to make of this child? Does she know the love Humbert feels for her? One day when Humbert was leaving for the store with Lolita's mother, Lo raced down just in time to go with them. As she sat next to Humbert, she put her hand in his and he "held, all the way to the store."

Humbert's vision was of putting Lolita to sleep with pills, and then possessing her without her knowledge. This would preserve her childlike innocence which he chose to believe she still possessed. As Humbert described that first night with Lolita, he said he was not, "and never could have been, a brutal scoundrel." After several attempts at embracing the sleeping form, Humbert still was confused and dozed fitfully. Then at six in the morning Lo awoke "and by six fifteen we were technically lovers." Can you believe that she seduced him? There is no description of the act itself but it is noted that "not a trace of modesty" was to be found in Lolita. A year of traveling together as father and daughter took them all over the United States. As much as this delighted Humbert, the frustration of knowing the girl-child only allowed him privileges after a goodly amount of bribery bothered him. As much as just her movements excited him, "never did she vibrate under my touch." Her interests were more in the line of corny movies, ice cream cones, and movie magazines. And she could be nasty, too. "There is nothing more atrociously cruel than an adored child."

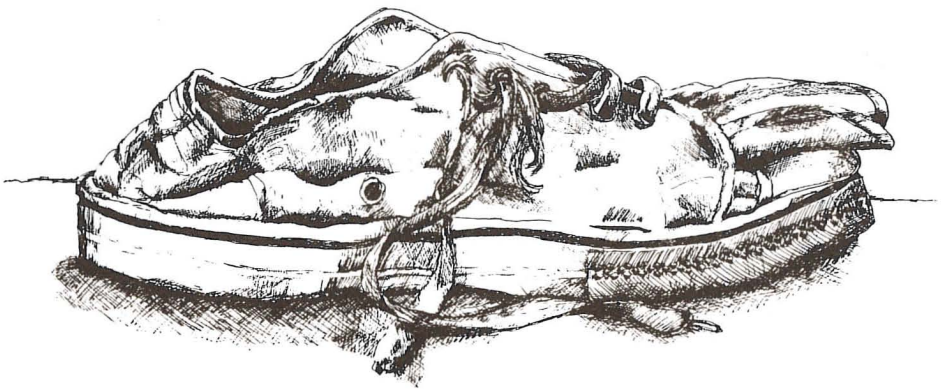
Instead of being in heaven with his beloved Lolita, Humbert was crazy with jealousy. He imagined everyone looked at Lolita through his eyes when they probably just saw a child at play. How much of what man sees is reality and how much fantasy? What real harm did Humbert bring to Lolita? Somehow, there seemed to be a balance between the two. His fantasy needs and her romantic allusions were both frustrated by an inability to truly love in the sense of giving.

This novel speaks about people who hope for much and find little. Even when Lolita left Humbert for what she hoped would be a screen test, she found only someone interested in his own personal pleasure.

When Humbert finds Lolita three years later, married and pregnant, he discovered "that I loved her more than anything I had ever seen or imagined on earth, or hoped for anywhere else." This sounds like a person who has passed from his obsession with nymphets to a deeper more mature love.

Man makes many bargains in search of life's dreams. We must not be too eager to judge someone else. When we first meet Humbert, we feel disgust. Are we mature enough to read on and let the story unfold to show his humanity and humility? Or do we condemn and try to not understand?

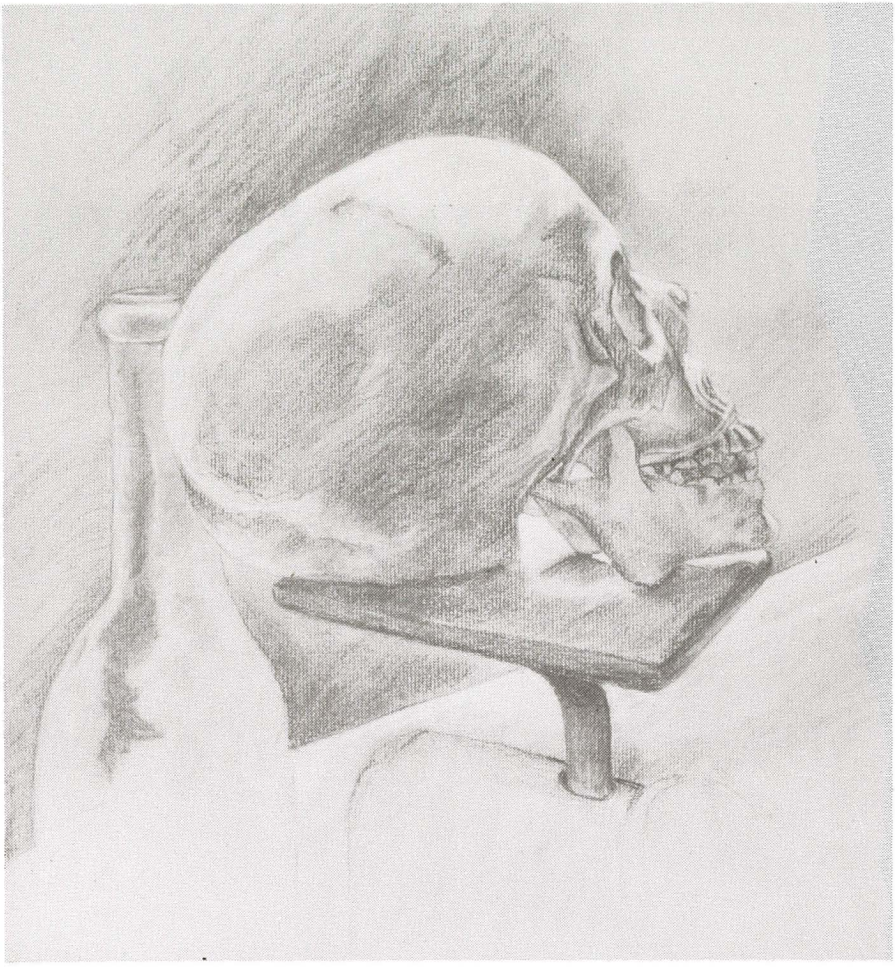
Humbert represents all of humanity in their search for fulfillment of dreams. We all begin with the childhood innocence and hopefully grow to maturity. During this growth, we must be aware that the dreams of others may not be the same as our own and try to show compassion to those we least understand.



Untitled — Gayle Hollenbeck

Untitled

Mary Kay Schwanitz



Skulls and Old Bottles

Marianna L. Gronek

THREE LIVED TOGETHER UNTIL

By

June H. Bennett

One of them said, "I am purebred."
Another one said, "I am hybrid."
The third one said, "I am crossbred."
The other two said, "Get out of our flowerbed!"

On "The Bride Comes To Yellow Sky"

By

Jan Kernohan

Much has been written about the early days of the wild west, the army and Indian, trapper and trader, outlaw and lawman. Steven Crane offers a rare look at fast fading days of the era, as civilization comes to the wild-west outposts along with all its trappings of morals and manners. There were those who grew along with the country and those who never made the adjustment to the new society. Jack Potter and Scratchy Wilson are two such men.

Both men live in the small Texas town of Yellow Sky. Potter, the marshal, and Wilson, the local bandito, are old-timers. Scratchy Wilson is a well known town drunk described by the bartender as "a wonder with a gun" and "the last one of the old gang that used to hang out along the river." In the second paragraph, Jack Potter is introduced as a well weathered man, ill at ease in cultured surroundings. His wife is said to be "not very pretty, nor . . . very young." He has been the town marshal long enough to be "known, liked . . . feared" and "a prominent person." Jack and Scratchy matured during the wild days of the old west, but now are trying to adjust to a new society.

Two conflicts are evident in this story: the obvious one between the two men and the more elusive one of the two men against time and the changes it brings. The setting and characters place the time of the story in the late 1800's. The presence of the railroad and ranchers make that clear. Yellow Sky is a sleepy Texas town of "calm adobes." The citizens are obviously relaxed and do not display the tense suspicious watch for trouble that would have been known in the previous days of lawlessness. The man at the station leans back in his chair and smokes his pipe. The men in the saloon show no animosity to the drummer, a stranger in town; and two Mexican sheep-herders who in earlier days surely would have been harrassed, go unnoticed.

Scratchy Wilson is an outlaw. In the old days, with his gang, probably a savage marauder. A gunslinger and a dandy, he still dresses the part. He arrives in town wearing a fancy shirt from New York and boots that have "red tops with gilded imprints" and carries a "long, heavy, blue-black revolver" in each hand. The bartender stresses the fact that he is "a wonder with a gun — a perfect wonder." But the west has changed, Scratchy's old gang is gone, he is "the last one." Though he might make the townsfolk nervous when he goes on one of his rampages, and they hide in their "holes" until it is over, they maintain a benign attitude toward him as a relic of the past. This is best expressed by the bartender, "He's a terror when he's drunk. When he's sober he's all right — kind of simple — wouldn't hurt a fly — nicest fellow in town. But when he's drunk — Whoo!" Scratchy is reliving the past. He has been unable to adapt to a changing culture and now is useless without his gang.

St. Clair County
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In contrast, Jack Potter is adapting rather well. He is a veteran of the old west and has known the old gangs and gunfights. "He shot Wilson up once . . ." and is respected and "feared in his corner." Though still uncomfortable in elegant surroundings and attire, he is proud of the growth of his state and his part in it. He is prepared to adjust to a life of social amenity as evidenced by his desire for a wife and home, but is ill equipped for the experience. As a "result of his new black clothes . . . his brick-colored hands were constantly performing in a most conscious fashion . . . he looked down respectfully at his attire" and "The glances he devoted to the other passengers were furtive and shy." Used to being his own man and acting on impulse he has "gone headlong over all the social hedges" and been married out of town, an event he realizes on the trip home will upset his friends and neighbors: "It could only be exceeded by the burning of the new hotel." On realizing his blunder, Potter considers sending a telegram ahead to the town, but wants to avoid the commotion it would cause. He decides to "use all the devices of speed and plains-craft in making the journey from the station to his house" and then after issuing a bulletin on the event, stay "within that safe citadel" until the excitement has abated. His wife, aware of the difficult situation her new husband has created, joins in "a sense of mutual guilt."

The denouement is a confrontation between Potter and Wilson. Crane has a unique description of the moment. Wilson has his gun "aimed at the bridegroom's chest." Crane expresses Potter's speechlessness as, his "mouth seemed to be merely a grave for his tongue." He aptly describes the wife as a horrified witness, "She was a slave to hideous rites." The gunfight, the traditional ritual of the old west, becomes the vehicle to express all of the conflicts in the story. Potter has no gun. He represents the ability to change. Wilson with pointed gun and "quiet ferocity" represents resistance to change. When Wilson is told of the marriage he is forced to accept the fact that his world has changed. Even though much has changed over the years he could still relive the past in gunfights with Jack. Now, he sees that no matter how much he tries, he can never bring back the world he once knew, and a dejected Scratchy shuffles off, his feet making "funnel shaped tracks in the heavy sand."

Untitled

Jeff O'Connor

The Continuation of Life

By
Carol Wilcox

Shelley's belief in life eternal, in one form or another, becomes apparent many times in his works. He brings about the awakening of the "Renascence of Wonder" in our hearts by giving us a hope that life is not a meaningless passage from birth to death, but a continuous happening.

In his poem "The Cloud", Shelley very subtly shows this belief when he says "I pass through the pores, of the ocean and shores, I change but I cannot die." A metaphor can be found here in that Shelley is speaking about the cloud and how it changes into different forms, but he is really comparing it to human life. The implied meaning is that even though we change our form, we do not die. The last lines of this poem form similes which seem to reinforce this concept.

Like a child from the womb,
  like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise, and unbuild it again. (82-84)

Shelley is reminding us that people, like nature, have cycles and therefore they do not necessarily end.

Another example is found in the poem "To a Sky Lark":

Waking or asleep,
  Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
  Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream? (81-85)

According to Shelley, the reason the sky lark can sing with such rapture is because it has a truer and deeper knowledge of death and life than we mortals could ever have. Inherent, happily, in this knowledge of death the sky lark has found something there for which to rejoice. In fact, it is this knowledge which causes the rejoicing.

As there are different forms to life, there are different forms to the continuation of life. Shelley brings one form to our mind in the poem, "Memory."

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
  Are heaped for the beloved's bed.
And so thy thoughts, when they art gone,
  Love itself shall slumber on . . . (1-4)

Interpreted, this means that we stay alive as long as we are in the memory of our loved ones. As the rose leaves are given to one's beloved, so our thoughts (or rather other's thoughts of us) are given to and become part of the people who have loved us. The line "Love itself shall slumber on" means that the love people feel never ends but becomes a slepping undercurrent. We have all experienced the loss of a loved one and felt that they were alive, especially in our thoughts.

Another form of the belief in the continuation of life is nature. As Shelley expressed it in "Adonais,"

He is made one with nature; there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird.
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone. (42:370-374)

Shelley calls on us to evoke the use of our senses. We are to hear Adonais in the music of nature, in the noise of thunder, and in the sweet cadence of the bird's song. The very phrase, "all her music," brings to our minds all the wonderful sounds that can be heard in nature. When we hear nature, we are hearing Adonais. His presence is so real that it emanates from the very stones and plants. This can be taken literally as well as figuratively. His spiritual presence can be known and felt in itself, while at the same time his physical body has become a real part of the essence of nature through its decay.

Shelley speaks of life as only a dream and that it is only upon our death that we truly awaken:

Peace, peace! he is not dead,
he doth not sleep.
He hath awakened from the dream of life (Adonais: 39: 343-344)

This theory leads us to the thought that the fear and grief of this world will be gone like a dream and we will awaken to the truly great life beyond. To leave this world early as Adonais did was a blessing because he would not have to bear with growing old and the disillusions that so often come with it, as shown in "Adonais".

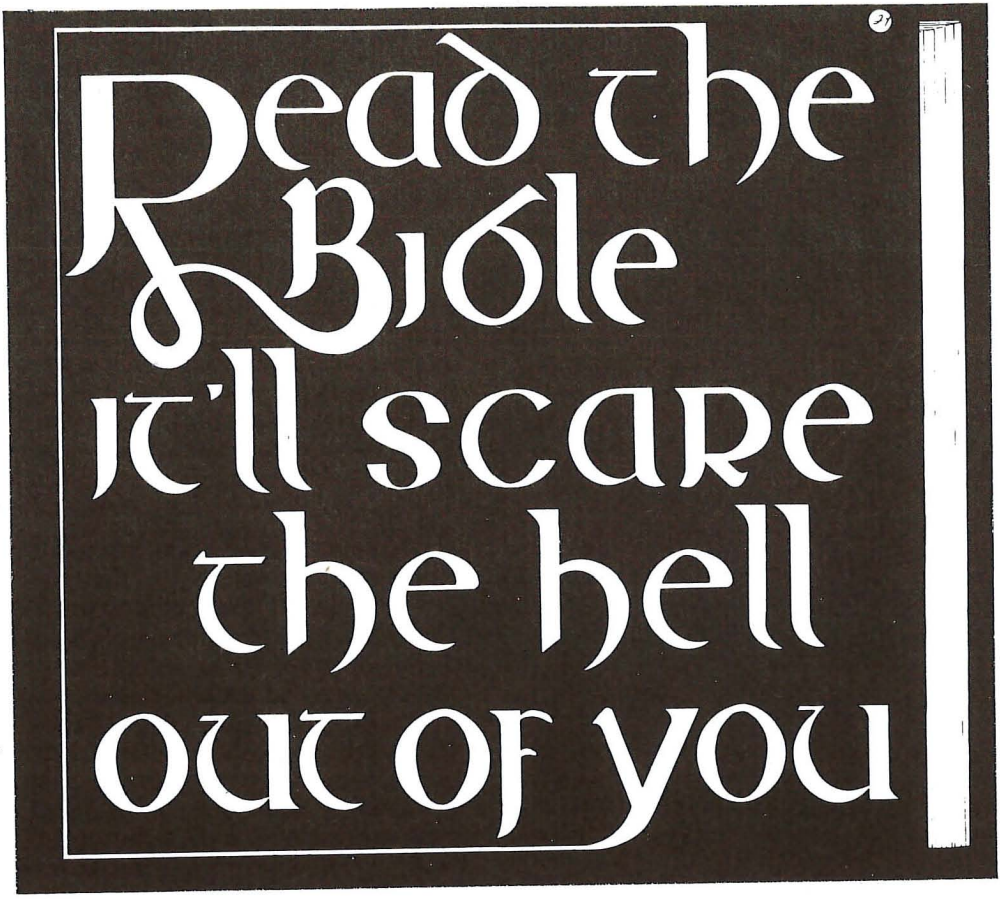
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain; (40: 356-358)

There is one final form of continuing life and this lies in the act of being a poet. According to Shelley's definition, "Poetry makes immortal all that is best and most beautiful in the world." If poetry becomes immortal, then it follows that the writer would become immortal also. Since the poetry comes from the writer's soul, it is "indeed something divine." This is shown in "Ode to the Westwind."

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened Earth (63-68)

A poet can bring joy and wonder to his fellow man by being the portal through which expression of his hidden and inexpressible feelings find form. Shelley does this magnificently.



Untitled

Larry Dodge

PRESENCE

By

Anne Proctor

A million miles away,
I can still feel
your eyes.
Unceasing gentleness,
seated below hatred.
Never changing,
only re-arranging.

THE UNTRANSLATABLE CHANT

By
Stephen W. Strobbe

1.
At night,
outward eyes fall
silent. The mind reaches back
into itself. A swallowed tongue
brings up, on its twisting tip,
remembrances
not yet realized, songs
of an unprobed throat.

Stare
into the lidless eyes
of darkness, and even darkness
will swirl, gathering
funnelled water-sounds around Charybdis,
life's black ink,
sucked into channels of the
inner ear, roaring
toward the silence.

2.
Amid death-moans of heritage,
monologues gone senile,
irritating clack of ill-fit dentures,
mucous gurglings, wheezings,

I cannot help but laugh
at my temporal self. I cannot help
but cry. I cannot help but wonder,
what was it like: that perfect silence
that preceded all things,
all premonition
of birth, death—then gasp
in the rarefied
atmosphere of the unnerving idea.

3.
No, it is not silence I crave,
but a voice, spectral!
calling me back,
urging me on, to transform
my earth bent mutterings,
harsh, raw-throated song of this broken-winged crow
into enduring wind-hymns.

4.
Hovering
on dream-periphery, on last
waves of undulating preconscious,

I hear it: voice
of my mother, singing to me
as she did in what now seems
another life, her voice warm,
beautifully human, imperfect,
cracking like an eggshell
on the high notes,

rocking me back
and forth on the curved, wooden
rungs of time.

5.
I can see ghostly
faces of my forefathers
leaning over me, faintly blue,
translucent, apparitional temples
housing no bones, chanting
the untranslatable.

I can feel their circle
of ancestral hands
lifting me gently
out of my bed of eventual death,
this body of fear,
out of this sweat-drenched skin of desire,
uniting me temporarily with the eternal.

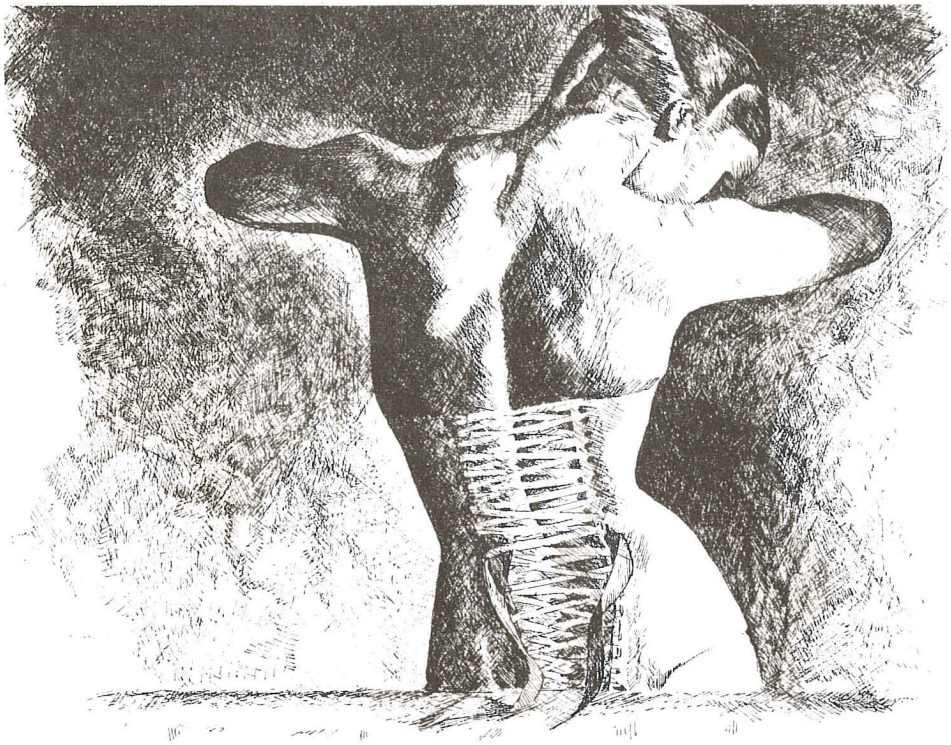
6.
Last after-images
of atavistic visitation
dissolving like washed chalk
over my eyes, I awaken
I think, semi-foetal,
fully dressed, left hand
over the genitals, right
held over the heart,

and lie still awhile,
letting the senses reassume
their realm. Ears detect
the external. Eyes roll back
their stone lids. The tongue
explores its cavernous mouth.
Peristalsis forces down
the dry night.

7.
I rise, eventually,
and put on my boots, scarred leather
of sacred cows,
and walk out, still bewildered,
into the bright day
where, swaying, I remember
my unspoken elemental vow, echoing
through empty chambers
of a failing heart.

Contrary brain cleaved
like goats' hooves
into opposing hemispheres
I stand trembling
at the precipice of consciousness and hurl
my broken-winged song
into the burning air.

Untitled — Michael Pitzer



Lady With a Corset

Anne Kennedy

Protector

By
Amy Arnold

Fallen-leaf blanket
shelter me
from winter's cascading snows,
till spring rakes
you away
exposing
my naked broom
to youth's green folly.

Replacing A Lost Pet

by

Irene Murphy

The beginning of that day, in late December, remains lost in the abyss of time like any routine weekday. The series of events, that leave December 29, 1977, engraved in my memory, started at two o'clock that afternoon. The children were on holiday from school and quietly playing with the new toys they had received for Christmas. The phone call came at that time. Larry seldom called from work, and his request for us to meet him at the shop was usual and unexpected . His voice carried an excited quality as he explained that there was a schnauzer at the dog pound we had to come and see that day.

The old wounds began to pain. It had been eight months since our schnauzer, Casey, had disappeared. His memory was still so alive. The void created by his loss could not be filled by replacing him with another dog. In my mind, Casey could not be replaced. Trying to put my emotions into mere words was almost futile. Larry understood my feelings of grief. Gently he responded, "The dog is scheduled to be put to sleep in the morning. Just come and see him. We do not have to take him home if it is going to upset you." Agreeing to meet him, I began the traumatic experience of replacing a lost pet.

Within an hour, we drove up to the secluded, prison-like building that housed the dog pound. The grey, stone walls projected a dismal feeling of despair. Entering the reception room, the pallor of grey again reinforced the effects of a penitentiary. The interior walls and flooring were monotone grey. The lack of color emphasized the jail-like features of the structure. From behind thick, grey painted doors came the inconsolable sounds of the condemned. The kennel room, housing the unclaimed, innocent prisoners, was similar to a dungeon. The imprisoned dogs were in cages. These cells, which were stacked one on top of another, lined both sides of the narrow room. The room was engulfed by overpowering cries of agony and loneliness. The screams of these anguished animals penetrated the very walls of the structure and cut through the air, like the cries of a lost child in search of his parents.

The uniformed men, like prison guards, showed the emotional strain of their villainous task. Being cold and unresponsive is a necessary requirement of their jobs. Human nature provides a shield against heartbreak by building a psychological barrier of protection for the person involved. These men cannot allow themselves to relate to these unfortunate animals on any level other than that of jailer and possible executioner.

Pleading for freedom, the dogs exploded in a frenzy of emotion as we walked through the room. I could not help wondering how many of them would never see the outside world again. How many were doomed to only remember the sunshine that warmed their furry bodies as they lay sleeping? There would be only a fortunate few that would ever again chase a butterfly playfully through tall grass or experience the loving touch of a child's hug. Lost, somewhere in this house of carnage, was my selfish desire to mourn forever the loss of Casey. It had been replaced by an intense need to somehow help, at least one of these unfortunate animals.

With the lament of the doomed surrounding us, we located the lonely schnauzer confined in the end cage. The silver grey color of his coat was dulled with dirt. Shaggy remnants of a professional grooming reflected the love of his former owners and recalled his once enviable appearance. His ears cropped into the shape of arrow heads, and his docked tail, now a frantically waving stub, announced his registered heritage.

The little dog seemed to sense the purpose of our visit and projected the perfect adoption attitude. His eyes were clear and bright, with the sparkle of ebony marbles, and mirrored the apparent new-found hope that he felt. They reflected his joy at our obvious interest in him. He registered his excitement of human presence as he pranced lightly in one place. The children responded immediately to his sad whine, and they echoed his cries for freedom. Finally, he cocked his head as he searched all of our faces for some sign of acceptance.

The decision may have been made at the conclusion of the phone call or when we entered the doors of the dog pound. Determining exactly when it was made does not matter. What does matter is the fact that a new member of the family came home with us that evening. Dusty, as he would be called, could not replace Casey, nor would he any longer be expected to. He was a new family pet and not a replacement for the old.

WHEN I WRITE POETRY . . .

By

Elizabeth Frazer

I want to put down
What's in my head,
But, am acutely aware
Others will hear what I've said.

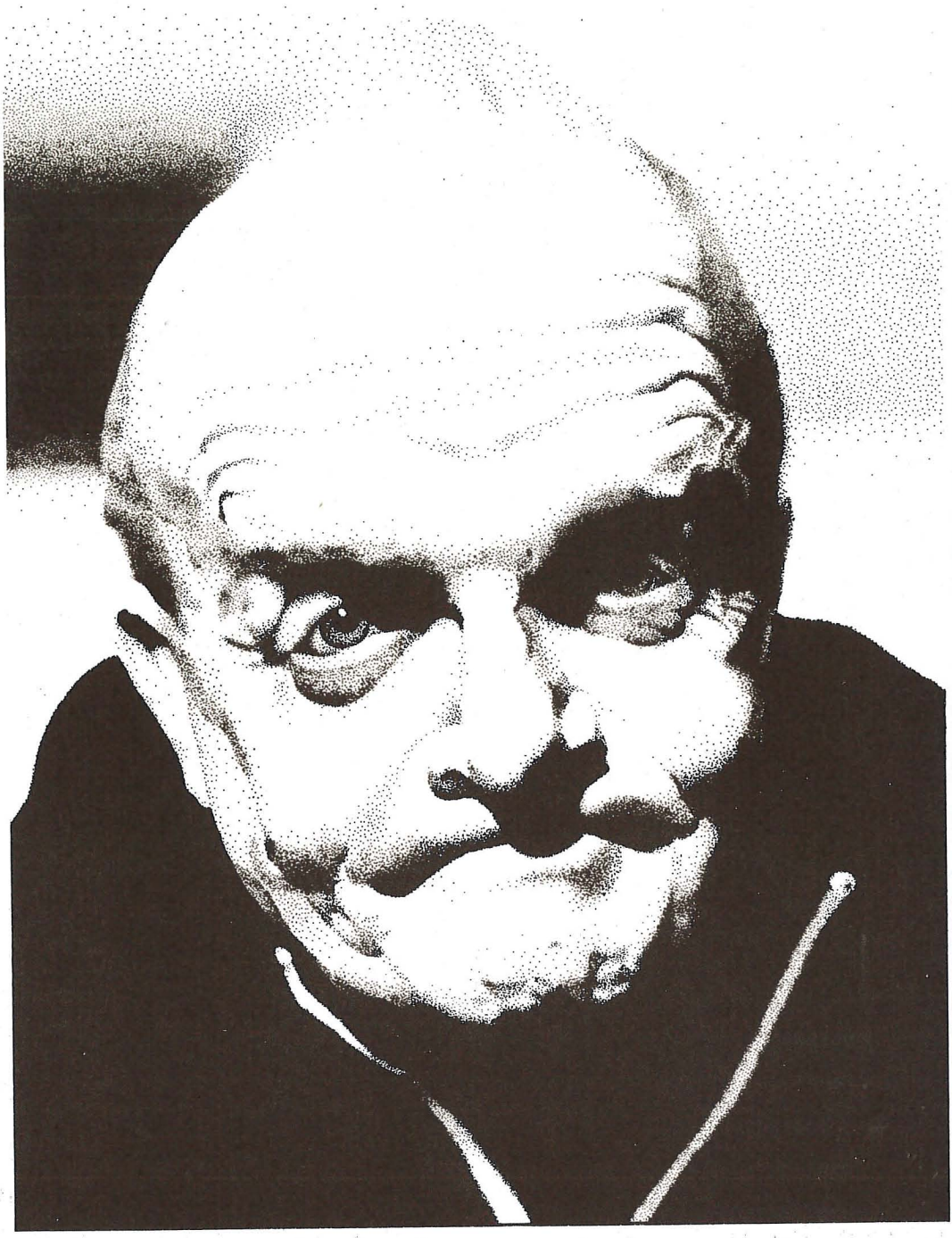
What ends up written
Might be very poetic,
But, much to dismay
Seems tritely co-edic.

It's a hard thing to do
To be open and honest.
To express oneself
To those not fondest.

But, the hardest of all
Is to express to those who care,
Who will listen intently
And put meaning there.

Quakers

Anne Kennedy



Truman

Larry Dodge

NIGHT CLASS REVISITED

By
Stephen W. Strobbe

Don't be so quick
to dismiss universal truths.
Here's one: English classes will always be held
in the most decrepit building on campus.

I climb the crumbling
concrete stairs, whether to read,
recite, regurgitate,
I don't yet know. But tonight,
I am the droning poet,
in the same room
in which, a few years ago,
I first heard the uninspired word
of the 'Moderns' —modern,
shit, these guys died
years before I was born,

died here, perhaps,
in this room,
which would at least explain
the creak and groan of the swollen,
wood-planked floor,

hammer-clank and editorial
hiss of steam-heat radiators
that should have been shot
ages ago for rebellious uprisings,

blistered paint,
cracked plaster,
warped windows that rattle
on the wind,

and on the ancient, failing
blackboard, ghost-traces
of words
refusing to be erased.

DIFFERENT STROKES

By

Rita Repp

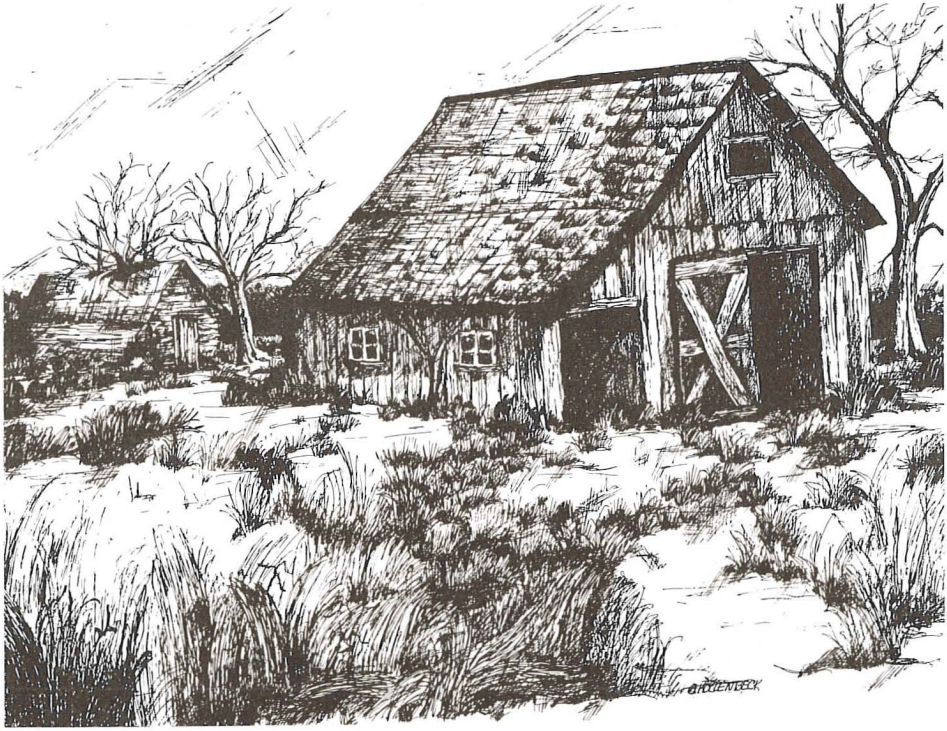
Throughout life, man is always trying to be accepted in society. Frequently, he does this by impressing others and by conforming with the group. In either case, however, man tends to forfeit his own individuality, for he fears being different. Consequently, he ceases being himself and becomes a puppet to the controlling hands around him. It is not right to "follow the crowd" merely to obtain acceptance. Man should live according to his own conscience. In "Civil Disobedience," Henry David Thoreau talks about government and man. "Must the citizen ever for a moment or in the least degree, resign his conscience to the legislator? Why has every man a conscience, then? I think that we should be men first and subjects afterward . . . The only obligation which I have a right to assume is to do at anytime what I think right." This not only holds true for man and government but also man and his fellow men. Also, man should not force his ways on others or let others force their ways on him. Joseph Fletcher supports this statement by quoting Cardinal Cushing in "Ethics and Unmarried Sex": "Catholics do not need the support of civil law to be faithful to their religious convictions, and they do need to impose their moral views on other members of society."

The concept of wanting to be accepted is most evident in today's teenager. During these years, the young adult encounters many questions. Should I smoke marijuana or cigarettes? Should I drink? Should I have sex with my boyfriend (girlfriend)? Unfortunately, many of these questions are not answered by the teen's own conscience. Rather, the questions are answered according to his friends' judgments and whether or not they are the "fashionable" things to do. Even if a teenager knows something is wrong, he may do it just to get recognition. Teenagers are often harassed and made fun of if they are different from others. "Peer group pressure" is extremely hard to bear. It is very difficult—but not impossible—to be an individual.

But no matter at what time in life, man should stand up for what he thinks is right. We are all individuals; God created each of us differently. "Even the most rigid Communist, or Organization man, is compelled by Nature to have a unique voice, unique fingerprints, unique handwriting." (F.L. Lucas, "On the Fascination of Style") We have our own minds, our own talents, and the ability to develop them. It is not fair to man to hide his identity. One will never know his capabilities or his limit if he lives in the "shadow" of others. Man should express himself in the best way he knows how. According to Lucas, "Now there is no crime in expressing oneself (though to try to impress oneself on others easily grows revolting or ridiculous) . . ." One should not worry about being different if that is the way he really is. Man should never be ashamed of being himself.

Man is also unfair to society when he is afraid to be an individual. America would never have been discovered by Columbus if he would have "joined the crowd" and believed the world was flat. Countless other individuals have helped mankind simply by being themselves—not being afraid to be different from the rest. They may have been mocked, ridiculed, and ostracized but they continued to disagree with society because of how they really believed. Man is of no use to society unless he develops his true self by practicing his own abilities and beliefs.

Man's life is no longer his own if he lets others control it. In "Civil Disobedience", Thoreau says that men who are forced to go to war are nothing more than monkeys "against their wills, ay, against their common sense and consciences, which makes it very steep marching indeed . . . Now what are they? Men at all? or small moveable forts and magazines, at the service of some unscrupulous man in power? . . . In most cases there is no free exercise whatever of the judgment or of the moral sense; but they put themselves on a level with wood and earth and stones; and wooden men can perhaps be manufactured that will serve the purpose as well." One should never agree with others merely for the sake of being the same. If man does, society may accept him but he will never be able to accept himself.



Untitled Gayle Hollenbeck

THE SACRAMENT

By

Stephen W. Strobbe

1.
If ceremony can help us
savour life's tastes, dissolving
on ever-flowering palates, then
let there be ceremony!
Let graves of ritual be robbed,
and consciousness resound in every act,
making each sacred.

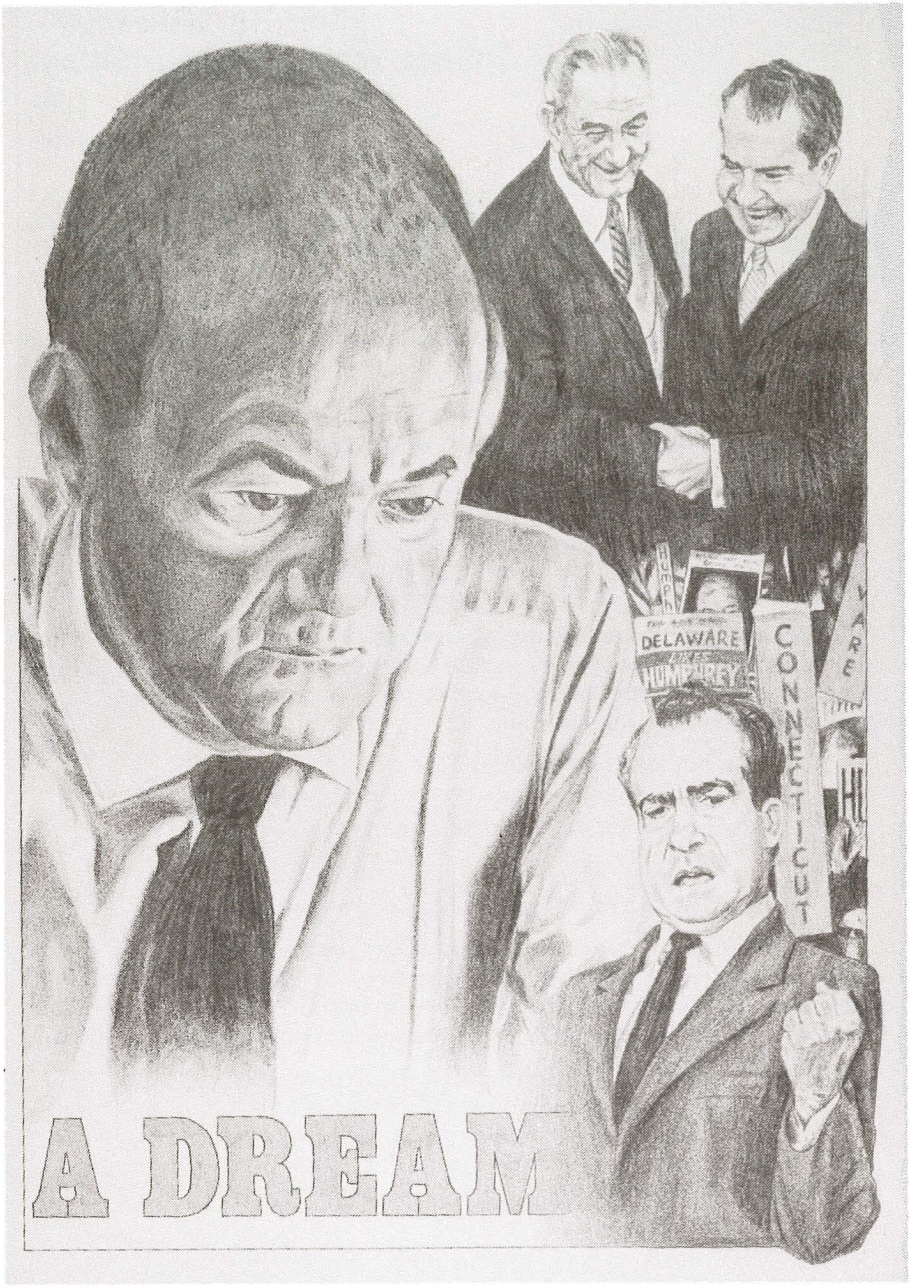
2.
Facing this night-fire
I have built, stone-encircled
on some cedar-scented hill
of solitude, I drink red wine
from a glazed, earthen cup,
C-shaped handle
completely broken off.

3.
The fleshy ends
of my ten fingers
consummate touch. I lift
the sanctimonious blood-cup,
raise it up,
and with appropriately reverent delay,
serve it to myself,

priest, minister, rabbi, monk,
unto my congregation of one.

4.
And yea,
seven divine cupsful later,
filled with a new-found spirit,
I am grateful. Grateful
for these hands, lips,
this mouth, tongue,
united in their all-consuming task,
and especially for this belly
which so readily becomes a flask.

5.
Mesmerized
by those holy fires
I will someday fall into, I let
my makeshift chalice
slip. Zephyr-winds whisper
and I nod. Drunk,
I spill my few drops
to the gods.



A Dream

Larry Dodge

The Byronic Hero: A Case Against Nationalism

By

Gary Schmitz

Lord Byron was one of the few poets of the Romantic period whose presence was felt in all his work. Whether it be as Childe Harold, as a sad lover in "When we two parted," or as the narrator of **Don Juan,** whose presence overshadows that of his main character, Byron is always there.

But why? Is this a poetic tool Byron uses to some end, or is it merely an ego large enough to creep into his poems?

To find out we should know what this 'Byronic hero' is and what he stands for. And the best place to look is to the author himself.

> He would not yield dominion of his mind
> to spirits against whom his own rebelled,
> Proud though in desolation; which could find
> a life within itself, to breathe without mankind.
> (Childe Harold's Pilgrimage — Canto III V.12)

Independence is obviously the most important aspect of the Byronic hero, but it is not the shadow of independence such as that given by kings to their subjects. Byron's hero steps beyond the bounds of countries to an independence in which he is alone.

> I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
> I have not flattered its rank breath, nor bowed
> to its idolatries a patient knee - (C.H.P. III 113)

Also,

> I stood among them, but not of them. (C.H.P. III, 3)

Although individualism versus nationalism was a subject almost all the romantic poets took up, Lord Byron, exiled from his country, seemed to feel it more bitterly than the others. Upon Napoleon's defeat at the Battle of Waterloo, Childe Harold (i.e., Byron) made these pointed remarks.

> Fit retribution! Gaul (France) may champ the bit
> And foam in fetters—but is earth more free?
> Did nations combat to make one submit;
> or league to teach all kings true sovereignity?
> Shall we, who struck the Lion down; shall we
> Pay the Wolf homage? (III, 19)

Lord Byron, the wanderer, had the ability to see these things not as an Englishman or Greek or Frenchman, but as an individual. His power to do this enabled him to see through the supposed motives of kings and nations. Theirs was not to create a nation of free men, but to use their collective powers to try to control their environment. Lord Byron had several reasons why men should or could not control nature.

First, he realized that, even if it were possible, the world may simply not be worth the tremendous expenditure of effort necessary to tame it and the men in it. This he points out to those who perhaps envied Napoleon, even in death.

> Tis but a worthless world to win or lose;
> So hath it proved to thee (Napoleon) and all
> such lot that choose. (C.H.P. III, 40)

For those who believed in man's dominion over nature, Byron reminds us that with this God-like perspective comes God-like responsibility. Certainly the man who owns nothing is freer than the man who controls his environment, for does he not then own hunger, the pain, and the worries of those who inhabit it?

> "Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou!" (C.H.P. III, 37)

Certainly in our modern day, with our technology, it would seem we would have more control over our lives. Yet man is not truly independent, for we depend on the earth's resources now more than ever. Yet it is easy to forget that man is not immortal until Byron brings us back to reality with the mere stroke of a pen.

> "States fall, arts fade — but nature does not die." (C.H.P. IV, 3)

Finally, Byron finds it futile to attempt to control nature, (i.e. destiny) because no matter what we do, fate intervenes. It may appear that we have a certain amount of control over the environment, but,

> Alas, it is delusion all;
> The future cheats us from afar,
> Nor can we be what we recall,
> Nor dare we think on what we are. (Stanzas for Music, V. 3)

And in Byron's future epic, **Darkness,** he reminds us that all we have done may be washed away by the whim of the gods. Who is to say the end will not come when I finish this sentence? (whew, it didn't . . .)

> I like to be particular in dates,
> not only of the age, and year, but moon;
> they are sort of a post house, where the fates
> Change horses, making history change its tune. (Don Juan, I, 103)

Certainly with fate controlling our destiny and nature controlling the way we live, it is futile to believe in man's ability to control his surroundings, much less his future. This is why the Byronic hero asks why, why the kings, why men banding together to battle for lands they cannot control? Certainly man's history as separate nations has not been a successful one, men have never been truly free. Ask yourself if you could pick up and leave tomorrow if you wanted to. I daresay the answer is no. Certainly the Byronic hero depends on no man, is tied to nothing.

> I live not in myself, but I become
> Portion of that around me; and to me
> High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
> of human cities torture. (C.H.P. III, 72)

BREAKING MY FAST

By

Jeff O'Connor

One of the best things to wake up to in the morning is the aroma of bacon and eggs crackling on a hot griddle. One of the worst things to happen in the morning is to run downstairs to the kitchen only to find out that breakfast this morning is an "every man for himself" meal and that the bacon and eggs frying are being made by my sister, the very same sister I wouldn't loan my car to last night, so all sweet talking in the world wouldn't be able to talk her into duplicating the same meal for me.

It's times like these that Boy Scout survival training comes in handy. Not wanting to seem subordinate to Sis, or even equal, I would not make a mere bacon and egg breakfast, I would make a bacon, mushroom, onion, and cheese omelet. Under the watchful eye of my vindictive sister, I expertly placed on the counter the ingredients and implements I needed to create this savory dish. I picked up the pan by the ring on the handle and held it away from me as if it were diseased: my sister had used it previously. I rushed it to the sink and washed it out, not wanting any of Her meager grub to contaminate My exquisite meal. I glanced in her direction to make sure she was taking all of this in.

As the bacon was frying, I chopped up the onions with the grace and speed of the Galloping Gourmet. When the bacon was a light brown on both sides, I removed it from the pan and began frying the onions and mushrooms in the already hot bacon fat. After cutting the bacon into small strips, I grabbed the little blue mixing bowl and proceeded to break the four eggs on its edge, two at a time, one in each hand. I then added a couple tablespoons of cream and a dash of salt; upon doing this, I beat the eggs until they were fluffy. By this time, the mushrooms and onions were ready.

The eggs made a sizzling sound as I poured them into the hot buttered pan. Deftly, I turned the temperature control knob to low and watched the eggs as they started bubbling. As the underside became golden brown, I lifted the edges slightly with the spatula to let the uncooked portion flow underneath and cook. Then I began adding the previously sauteed items: first the bacon, then the onions and mushrooms, and finally, the cheese. As I folded the sides in and over, I looked up to see the expression on my sister's face when she saw this work of art. Staring at the table, I saw nothing but her empty plate and my school books.

Somehow the effect of this well prepared ridicule on my sister was lost when I realized that because of the time it had taken me to make this omelet, I was going to be late for school.

Michael

Anne Kennedy

Artist and Son, Venice

Steven W. Strobbe

Bright Breeze

By

Gary Butler

If love be a
Paper pinwheel
On a straw.
Then she must be
The breeze

That moves me
with awe.
I am but a pinwheel
Moving on a
Straw.

HANDS

By

Maria Martinez

One cold winter night, the firewood was burning in the fireplace; it was nice to smell the wood's odor. Grandmother was sitting in an old rocking chair, and her grandson was sitting on the floor near her.

Grandson began to make figures with his hands, using the light from the fire; the shadows projected on the wall seemed funny animals or ugly figures.

Grandma said to her grandson:

"Have you ever thought how many things you can do with your hands? We could divide them in three kinds of hands. There are constructive hands, destructive hands and indifferent hands.

The constructive hands are those which belong to the surgeon trying to save lives; to the parents taking care of their children; to the farmer producing food or meals for us; to the teacher; to the child who is trying to do his assignment as best as he can; to every individual who does the best things for someone else."

Grandma kept quiet for a moment, and then she said: "Dear Son, in this world there is always a mixture of beauty-ugliness, right-wrong, good-bad, so we find also destructive hands. These hands belong to the terrorists, thieves, killers; the employees who get their salary without doing a good job; the man who is always trying to take advantage of his neighbor; to the man who walks in the wrong way."

"Less obvious we find another type of hands. These hands don't steal, but they do not move if somebody needs help; they are too lazy. They don't want to work; they are indifferent. War, destruction, peace, hope are all the same to them. They don't want to do anything for someone else. Their own welfare is their only interest."

The grandson said to his grandmother: "Do the hands have the fault of all these things?"

Grandmother said: "The man has the fault and the remedy. He chooses the way in which he is going to use his hands."

"Dear son, if you would use your hands in the best way you can, you must keep your mind and your heart open to all that is good. For the deeds which your hands do, you show your feelings and the kind of soul that you have."

SCCCC has established over the years close cultural and educational relationship with students from Merida, Mexico, under the guidance of Mr. E. Curti. This essay was written by one of the students who spent a semester on campus studying to improve her use of English.

Maria was an exchange student from Merida, Mexico in the fall of 1978.

The New Shoot

By

Jeanne Marie Bowman

Miniscule green shoot struggles,
Pushes swollen waxy tip up,
Tentatively, through ground's crust;
Taking deep gasps of wonder
At piercing blue sky, blazing warm sun.
Basking contentedly, breathing,
Growing; minerals and nutrients
Coursing through, strengthening cells.
The new growth, aware! Experiences
Intensifying ecstasy of life. Life!

Sudden darkness looms — starting
Silent screaming of seconds — ticking;
And tugging, time attempts desperately
To sway nature's stony reserve.
The shadow incessantly descends down
Missing muted cries of the fated foliage. . . .
Crushing the swollen waxy life
Into small, still mass of shredded pulp.
Yes, nature takes care of her own.
All excess earth populace eliminated.
So, carelessly is crushed, just a crocus.
Its innocent entrails entwined,
Mingled, with mud of a man's boot.

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